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## FALLS OF NIAGARA.



For the Rural Repository.

### LINES

Written on first viewing Niagara Falls.

BY S. M. D.

MORN'S orient beams with golden ray,  
Proclaimed to all a pleasant day,  
The king of nature glowing bright,  
In splendor rose before my sight,  
While scattering mists and fragrant dews  
Were rising at the joyous views,  
And swelling notes of songsters fair,  
Were gliding on the ambient air,

While pouring forth in all enjoyment,  
The rapturous tones of their employment.  
'Twas spring—and nature's carpet green,  
On either side could now be seen,  
This carpet, decked with flowers the while,  
Could all my weary hours beguile.  
They told me oft of some fair land,  
(Perhaps in distant stranger land)  
That oft had culled the florets gay,  
At noon-day sun and close of day;  
That oft had spent full many an hour,  
In nature's shady, fragrant bower.

From breath of morn, to breath of even,  
In scanning thus the works of Heaven.  
Yet more than this—from this green sod,  
I saw through nature, nature's God.  
The foliage of the smaller trees  
Was wafted by a gentle breeze,  
While towering cedar, beech and oak,  
In deeper, stronger, accents spoke.  
In short on either side I gazed,  
I stood astonished, and amazed,  
All nature was so happy, gay,  
In greeting thus the king of day.  
Oh! best of days, the happiest yet,  
Such scenes as these I'll ne'er forget;  
For gazing thus on nature's bloom,  
How could I feel a cloud of gloom?  
If these small works of nature's will,  
Could thus my brightest vision fill;  
If thus from nature's verdant sod,  
I saw through nature, nature's God;  
If in the gentle breeze's breath,  
Or in the honored myrtle wreath;  
If in the breath of morn and even,  
I saw from earth a higher Heaven—  
How did my soul with wonder swell,  
No one can feel, no one can tell,  
When first I gazed, when first I stood,  
And saw Niagara's swelling flood!

"Oh! child of Ignorance, disbeliever of your God,  
Behold your great Creator, in yon starry road,"  
But would you see the Eternal's works,  
And see them as they are,  
Turn to the Earth: thou slavish fool,  
And trace his wonder there!  
"Breathes there a man, whose servile breast  
Is sunk in languor's fatal rest,"  
Who, when he looks on scenes so grand,  
Can never trace the Eternal's hand?  
A heart, I say, so vile, so low,  
That never feels one rapturous glow,  
One grand, sublime emotion—  
Breathes such an one? I never can  
So condescend, as call him—man.

While far from home, and lighted halls,  
Where roll the great Niagara's Falls;  
While seated on this spray-wet stone,  
From friends away and here alone,  
Oh! let me yield my tribute true,  
Niagara's noble flood to you.  
Had I the power to gaze afar,  
Back to the first created star,  
And roll along, the lapse of years,  
Through floods of joy, and floods of tears,  
I'd then proclaim in accents mild,  
The language of great nature's child.  
The first fair star, that twinkled bright,  
In heaven's holiest ray of light;  
That golden ray, that told the day,  
When Heaven's whole hosts were in array,  
When from the sun's broad disk 'twas hurled,  
To scatter gloom, from this dark world,  
Niagara in its wondrous might,  
Received with joy, its heavenly light,  
And thundered down her rocky path,  
With all her giant water's wrath.

Roll on thou fair stream! world's wonder, glide on,  
From the rising of morn, till the setting of sun!  
Roll still thy white waters, so rapid and free,  
The emblem of power, and of Liberty!  
The power of a hand immortal and strong,  
Is seen in thy waves as they thunder along,  
And the emblem of Liberty, gleams in thy face,  
As wave after wave, succeeds in the chase.  
Sublime such scenes, beyond conception,  
Niagara's flood has no description!  
All that is great, sublime and grand,  
From mountain's peak, to ocean's strand,  
Is gathered on thy towering rock,  
And thundered forth in every shock  
Of raging billows, as they leap  
Majestic, o'er thy giddy steep,  
Or plunging in thy depths below,  
Or raging madly, to and fro,  
Thy liberated billows boil,  
O'er proud Niagara's rocky soil.  
Yes! as I stand upon this steep,  
The troubled waters often sweep,  
With fury round its base.  
But this same rock, has stood the shock  
Of ages past away,  
And ne'er will yield, while there's a field  
To greet the rising day.

Talk ye of vision's brighter view,  
Of rainbow tints and rainbow hue,  
That bow which God's own hand raised high,  
In the pale blue ethereal sky;  
A token of the sailor's rest,  
A calm spread o'er the troubled breast,  
Is mingled with the grand, and good,  
In old Niagara's heaving flood.  
Proud monument of God's eternal power,  
From earliest day, from earliest hour,  
Niagara's boisterous waves rolled high,  
And answered the wild eagle's cry.  
When songs of nature sweetly rang,  
And morning stars together sang,  
Her waters rolled as free as now,  
And youthful smiles were on her brow.  
Has age deformed one feature there,  
Or stamped her brow in mute despair?  
Her youthful visage ne'er will moulder,  
For she looks young as she grows older.  
Niagara O! sublimely grand,  
The work of an Almighty hand,  
Roll, roll thy waters to the sea,  
Till time shall meet eternity!

Hillsdale, Col. Co. N. Y.

### Select Tales.

From Graham's Magazine.

#### LAME FOR LIFE, OR LESLIE PIERPOINT.

A Tale, in two Parts.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE,"

"KYD," "THE QUADROONE," ETC.

PART II.

"Love knows no rank—beauty  
Is aristocracy—birth, lineage and blood."

"Love ne'er broke a heart, love ne'er could mend."

It was on a cold, bleak evening in autumn, that Leslie Pierpont, as described in Part First of our tale, sat in his arm-chair in his comfortable library, with his feet buried in a thick rug of Angola fleece; a cheerful fire glowing in the grate; a round stand with the tea-tray at his left elbow; and a large table covered with

magazines, papers, books, &c. &c. on his right hand. He was alone. The rich crimson curtains drawn closely across the deep windows with the comfortable air of the whole room, gave indication that the occupant loved his ease, and was that evening disposed to enjoy it.

Twenty years had passed since Leslie's *affaire du cœur* with Clara Clayton. With her treachery expired his confidence in the sex. In vain had the lovely, gay and fashionable women thrown their gilded nets. In every one of the fair fishers he but saw a cousin german to Clara, and warily shunned the danger. Thus had he reached forty-one years of age with the full consent of all his friends, male and female, that he should remain a bachelor for life. And to all appearances such seemed to be the settled destiny of Leslie Pierpont. He himself had no more thoughts of committing matrimony than suicide. He never spoke to any woman save his washerwoman and linen sempstress. His mother had been several years dead, and he lived alone—a bachelor! the victim of a heartless woman's treachery.

He now sat gazing into the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, and which he seemed to have forgotten that he held. The state house clock tolled seven and he started, laid down his cup and saucer and rung the bell. It was immediately answered by a very gentlemanly African servant in grey clothes with bright steel buttons, red cravat, and shoes with old fashioned paste buckles in them.

"Cato."

"Sar, massa?"

"Have my new linens come home yet?"

"No, massa, not yit."

"They were to be here at six. Go and see that they are sent in time to pack into my trunks to-night, for we must start for New-York early."

"Yes, massa," said Cato, with a graceful bow, and was in the act of leaving the room to obey his master's orders, when a ringing at the street door bell arrested him.

"I guess dem is de shirts now, massa."

"Go and see, and show the woman up."

Cato left the room, while Leslie took up the evening paper. Directly the servant reappeared, ushering in a very modest young girl, coarse in her dress, but of extraordinary beauty. She was scarcely seventeen, yet the womanly outline and youthful roundness of her sylph-like figure were perfect. Her complexion was very brilliant; her cheeks blushed with diffidence and beauty; her eyes were large, blue, and melting in their own cerulean heaven; her lips ripe and full, and her chin voluptuously rounded, yet most exquisitely turned. Native grace was in every movement she made. Her dress was of very plain calico, and she wore a common straw hat with a long green veil. In her hands she carried two bundles, very neatly done up in white paper.

"De shirts come," said Cato, making a low bow to Leslie's back. "Here de young woman wid 'em. Very well, Cato; remove the tea-tray. I will ring for you to show the woman out as soon as I have settled with her."

"Yes, massa;" and the black, taking the tray in his hands, cast a glance, first at the beautiful face of the young girl, then over his shoulder at his master, and, gravely shaking his grey pate,

left the library. Leslie completed the paragraph he was reading, and then, lifting his face and looking into the fire, but without turning round, said in the low, pleasant tone natural to him:

"So, my good woman, you have brought the shirts. They have come an hour later than you promised them, but I suppose you are very much hurried with work. They are in plenty time, however. Be so kind as to undo the package and let me see one of them."

For a few moments there was no sound in the room but the snapping of strings, as they were untied by the busy fingers of the linen-drafter's maid, and the rattling of the strong paper covering the linens. At length a shirt, white as the drifted snow and beautifully done up, was hesitatingly advanced over his shoulder, so as to intercept his vision.

He took it, and after carefully examining it (old bachelors are very particular in this matter) with an appearance of satisfaction, admiring the stitching of the wristsbands, the French style of the sleeves, and the neatness of the bosom folds, he laid it down beside him where the tea tray had stood.

"Well, my good woman, I am very much pleased with them. They are very neatly made. Please let me see your bill." And he turned his head slightly back to receive it.

The young girl, embarrassed by his mode of addressing her, and abashed at his presence, timidly stretched forth her hand containing the bill.

"Nearer, woman, nearer. I cannot reach it."

Agitated by his voice, she thrust her arm forward so quickly that he received in his grasp her hand as well as her bill. The sight and touch of the soft, white member, thrilled through him. He started, blushed, rose from his chair, and to his surprise discovered that he had been all the while talking to one of the loveliest girls of seventeen he had ever seen, instead of an old woman, whom he supposed was the bearer of his linens.

"Pardon me, miss—I beg pardon," said the Major embarrassed, "I thought you were your mother."

"I have no mother, sir," answered the pretty maiden, with a drooping eyelid.

"I beg pardon! sit down! No you may stand! Upon my word you are very beautiful." The Major hardly knew what he said.

"Sir, the bill if you please," said the maiden confused, her bright intelligent face suffused with crimson.

"Oh, ah! sit down if you please! no—stand up! no, no, no! sit down!" Poor Major Pierpont!

"No, I thank you, sir."

"What a sweet voice," soliloquized the Major to himself. "No mother?"

"No, sir," with a musical sadness in her voice touching as it was natural.

"No father?" asked the Major with as much delicacy as he could put the question.

"No, sir."

"No brothers, neither, I dare say."

"No, sir."

"Nor sisters, either?"

"No, sir."

"Ho! hah, hem?"

And the Major, having finished catechising



her, put his hands behind his back and looked steadily in the grate for full a minute, his lips compressed, his brow set and thoughtful.

"If you please, sir, the bill is waiting."

The Major started at the sound of the sweet voice as if he had been clapped on the shoulder.

"Oh, ah! I beg your pardon. Let me see—six linen shirts—five dollars each—thirty dollars—all right." And the Major looked up from the bill into her face. He felt a delight he could not account for in gazing upon its sweet beauty. She was confused by his ardent look, and became still more beautiful from her sweet confusion. With instinctive delicacy he withdrew his gaze, and a sigh, the first he had felt for twenty years, escaped him. A gentle sadness at the same time overspread his fine features. Again he looked into her face, but with an expression that she did not shrink from, and said kindly, touchingly,

"So then, sweet child you are an orphan."

"Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"Mary Lee."

"A pretty name."

"Sir, I have another errand to go—if you will please pay the bill for my mistress."

"Oh, ah! yes, the bill. Thirty dollars. Here is a check for the amount."

"I thank you, sir," said Mary, curtsying with a grace that charmed him, and turning to leave.

"Stay, Mary—that is, Miss Lee," said Leslie, following her a step and speaking with amusing hesitation. The linen-draper maiden had however, reached the door and placed her hand upon the lock. She was evidently alarmed and surprised, and seemed uncertain whether to take the gentleman's manner as rudeness or as an uncommon degree of civility. She appeared to be a sensible, good natured girl, however, with all her charms, and probably with woman's ready tact divined the true cause of his singular conduct. Yet with all woman's tact she pretended to be blind to the impression her beauty had made upon him. She could not help thinking that he was a very handsome man, if he was an old bachelor, and she felt pleased rather than offended at this evidence of the triumph of beauty. For Mary Lee well knew she had beauty, and what pretty miss of seventeen is ignorant of this possession?

"Stay, if you please, one moment, Miss Lee," said Leslie.

"Indeed, sir, it is late."

"But one moment. Are you an apprentice with Miss Phelps, the linen-draper?"

"Yes, sir;" and Mary turned the lock of the door.

The Major laid his hand lightly upon her wrist.

"Excuse me, Miss Lee! One more question!" But the maiden, with a pleasant laugh, threw off his hand and bounded through the open door into the hall. Cato was in waiting.

"Ah, Cato," said the Major, with as much coolness as he could summon at this crisis, "you save me the trouble of ringing. Show this young woman out."

"Yes, sar," said Cato.

Major Pierpoint lingered an instant in his door to follow with his eye the receding form of the maiden, as with a light graceful trip she followed the dignified Cato to the street door. He then

re-entered his library, and after pacing his room two or three times as if his thoughts were in a tumult, he suddenly stopped before his mirror and looked at himself. After a brief and satisfied survey of his fine face and person he walked to the fire, folded his hands behind his back, and stood and looked into the grate with a very thoughtful brow.

"Well, Leslie Pierpoint, after remaining bachelor twenty years, thou art made captive by a linen-draper's 'prentice! 'Tis true and pity 'tis 'tis true! Leslie Pierpoint, thou art false to thyself! But what a soft, sweet hand! How could I help taking it if she would thrust it into mine? But, poor child, I suppose I had frightened her by calling her an old woman, and she scarcely knew what she was about! Old woman? A youthful divinity! What heavenly blue eyes! What a sweet round bust! What an exquisite waist, the charms of which even her coarse dress could not conceal! And her foot, so petite and delicately turned! How rich were the tones of her voice! How enchanting her smile! Ah, Leslie Pierpoint, thou art in love with a 'prentice maiden! At forty years thou art become a fool! Yes, I am a fool! What have I to do with the sex! Have I not a lasting feud with it? Ah, let me not forget Clara Clayton! Remember her, and so forget this pretty maiden, for she belongs to the same false hearted sex!"

Thus soliloquized Major Pierpoint, and, turning from the fire, he walked his room some time with a thoughtful brow. All at once he stopped and pulled his bell with an emphasis. Cato made his instant appearance.

"Sar, massa."

"Bring me my boots."

"What massa say?"

"Bring me my boots," repeated Leslie, more decidedly.

The black left the room with an inquiring look, as much as to ask what could take his master out in such an evening.

"Yes I will do it. I will learn all about her! Such beautiful teeth! Such a bright, intelligent, sensible face! Such innate high breeding!"

Cato brought the boots, and in a few minutes afterwards the Major had exchanged his evening home costume for boots, overcoat and hat.

"My stick, Cato."

"Yes, sar," answered the black with dilating eyes, as he handed the gold headed Indian cane.

"I shall return in an hour, Cato," he said, as his wondering servant showed him out of the street door.

"Yes, sar," and Cato closed the door on his master.

"Now, if massa Pierpoint hant a loss his seibenteen senses, den heabenly marey nebbber gave Cato any. De firs' time I ebber know him go out after him once take his boot off! Someting 'ticklar be goin' to happ'n for sartin! No disordinary circumceasion take massa Pierpoun' out dis co' ebbering. I mus' feel werry pertickler distress if as how any ting surreptitious occur."

Thus commented honest Cato upon this unusual step of his master's, whose general habits were so regular that each day he went through the same routine of eating, sleeping, smoking, reading, and walking or riding. He had never

gone out in an evening before. Cato had cause, therefore, for marvel; and leaving him to his conjectures on the motive for this strange movement on the part of his master, we will follow him on his expedition. The evening was clear but cold and windy, and he wrapped his coat closer about his person as he entered Chesnut street from Sixth, and took his way past the hotel and theatre which were brilliant with lamps, and gay and lively with the moving things about their doors. Heedless of these, he kept on until he came to Third street, which he followed north for a few doors, where he stopped beneath a lamp and turned back the cape of his surtout, arranged his slightly awry cravat, and made such other little toilet reparations as young gentlemen are accustomed to do before going into a house to pay a visit to ladies. Having fixed himself to his satisfaction, though without a mirror, (men of taste are a glass to themselves!) he walked more deliberately onward and entered a door over which hung a sign reading "MRS. PHELPS' GENTLEMEN'S LINEN STORE."

A very pleasant looking widow-like person presided in the brilliantly lighted shop behind the counter, while there were glimpses of two or three girls at their work in the rear room, and a little old woman in spectacles tying up bundles—doubtless the identical "old woman" whom the Major had imagined he was talking to as the bearer of his package.

"Good evening, Mrs. Phelps," said the Major politely.

"Ah, Major Pierpoint, good evening, sir," said Mrs. Phelps with very great respect, for the Major was a monied customer and never disputed bills! "Lord me! I hope you haven't come after the shirts!" she said with apologetic volubility; "they have been gone this half hour! I was so hurried Major, I couldn't get them done at the precise hour you ordered them, though I know you are so very particular. But soon as they came into the shop, lest you should get impatient, as your black man said you were going out town early in the morning, I despatched one of my apprentices right off with 'em, knowing she would go quicker than aunt Dolly here, who is always mighty slow in cold weather. If you come right from home you ought to had 'em there! If Mary has taken that bundle of hemmed handkerchiefs to Miss Clayton's first, I shall give her a good scolding; for I told her, Major, perticklerlaly, to go and leave your package first."

"Never mind all this, my good woman," exclaimed the Major as soon as he could find an opening in her speech; "I have received the shirts, and am very well satisfied with them! They do you credit."

"Oh, I am glad to hear it. I thought the child wouldn't disobey me, for she is always so correct! Here she comes in now! Ah, Mary," said Mrs. Phelps with a good natured smile, "you like to have had a scolding. So you took Major Pierpoint's lincens home safe?"

"Yes, aunt," answered Mary, blushing and stammering at seeing Major Pierpoint in the shop, while the Major himself, taken by surprise at her sudden appearance, colored like a school-boy; and scarce conscious of what he did, respectfully lifted his hat, as with downcast eyes she tripped

past him to the rear of the shop. She had let her bonnet fall carelessly back from her head as she entered the shop, and the bright light of the gas-burners flashing upon her forehead, revealed more clearly the radiant beauty of her complexion, and the exquisite loveliness of her features. Her hair, which was the richest shade of dark brown, was parted upon her smooth forehead and lay on either cheek, after the fashion of young maidens of her age; behind, it was gathered by her tasteful fingers into a neat braid, the number of whose silken folds showed the opulence and great length of this glorious ornament of woman.

She bent her head and blushed between pleasure and shame at this distinguished notice from Major Pierpoint, while Mrs. Phelps looked from one to the other, with a face on which wonder, curiosity and suspicion were as plainly written as they ever were on the face of woman. Leslie saw instantly the position in which he had placed himself, and with great presence of mind said, as if to excuse himself, while he pursued at the same time the main object he had in view—

"She is, I am told, an orphan, Mrs. Phelps. I feel deep sympathy for orphans, particularly for young unprotected females."

Mrs. Phelps' face immediately parted with its combined expression, which was replaced by that peculiar one which talkative women always put on when they have an opportunity of indulging their propensity. "Ah, yes," she sighed, "ah, dear yes, Major Pierpoint, she is indeed an orphan. She is a good child, and has a face that will be either the making or the breaking of her. I feel towards her just as if she was my own flesh and blood; though, between you and I, Major, I am neither kith nor kin to her or hers, though I let her call me aunt for affection-like."

"Who were her parents?" asked Major Pierpoint, becoming deeply interested.

"Ah, me, it is a sad story! I never tell it but it makes me cry like a child;" and here Mrs. Phelps, in anticipation, applied the corner of her apron to her dry eyes.

"Be so kind as to relate it madam, if you please. I shall listen to it with great interest."

"Well, you must know when I was younger than I am now, and before dear Fritz, my husband, died, we were living in Boston, in quite respectable society, Fritz keeping a thriving store, and I living a lady, as it were, at home. But times is changed since then; ah, me! Major Pierpoint. Well, don't you think, as I was waiting tea one winter's night for Fritz, the bell rung, and, instead of my husband, a man left a basket of champagne, as he said, telling the girl it was a present for our wedding day, which was to be on Saturday of the next week, sure enough, Major; we having then been married seven years. Well, I told her to set the champagne basket down in the tea room, and soon afterwards Fritz came in. He was delighted when I showed him the present, and we both puzzled our heads to guess what friend it came from; but we sat down to the table intending to open it after we had finished tea. Mr. Phelps was taking his second cup when we both thought we heard a child cry right in the room. We started, and both asked 'what is that?' 'It must be the cat,' said Fritz, and so we sat down again. We had not taken

two bites of toast when we were startled by the loud shrill scream of an infant. 'The champagne basket,' exclaimed Fritz: 'it is in the champagne basket,' I cried. 'It is a baby in the champagne basket,' yelled the girl, letting fall the tea-kettle.

"Fritz sprung to the basket and cut the cord with the table-knife, and sure enough, Major Pierpoint, there lay in the bottom the beautifullest little female baby eyes ever looked upon—the very same Mary Lee you just now took off your hat to! Well, to cut the story short, Fritz and I concluded, after making all inquiries, and advertising it in vain, to adopt it, seeing as how Providence had never blessed us with any children, neither before nor since. So we took the dear infant as our own, and to this day I have been as its own mother to it, and she has been as an own child to me. Ah me! the cruel parents that could desert such a sweet cherub. I have never been sorry to this hour we took the dear child. Oh, she has been a blessing to me!"

"She would be a blessing to any body," said the Major warmly, his heart overrunning with emotion at her narration; and his eyes unconsciously wandered to the rear of the shop, where Mary sat quietly sewing. He sighed, and then turning to Mrs. Phelps, thanked her for her trouble in narrating Mary's story.

"Not the least, Major, not the least! I could tell it fifty times a day if I had such a listener as you."

"You may send me half a dozen pair of gloves, handkerchiefs, and—and—" Leslie hesitated, and then hastily added, "any thing else in your shop you think I would like."

"Oh, you are such a good customer, Major Pierpoint," said the pleased landlady; "I have just got in some new style India cravats which I think will suit you. Shall I send them to-night?"

"No, to-morrow at twelve."

"But you leave town to-morrow."

"Oh, true—true, I had forgotten. But never mind, madam, send them up, I think I shall be at home—yes, I am sure, quite sure I shall be at home! I have postponed my departure till the next day."

"I will certainly send them."

The Major lingered an instant over the glass case, and then buttoning up his overcoat prepared to go.

"Good evening, Mrs. Phelps."

"Good evening, sir."

"You will be sure and send them?"

"You shall not be disappointed, Major."

"Very well."

Major Pierpoint took three decided steps towards the door and then turned.

"Twelve o'clock, Mrs. Phelps."

"Yes sir, they shall be there precisely."

The Major still did not move. There was evidently something he wished to say more, but was at a loss how to say it. All at once he turned back to the counter.

"By-the-by, Mrs. Phelps, you may, if you please, let the same young person bring them that took the linens. That old woman, the last time she came, like to have broke her neck by catching her foot in the brass stair band. Besides, she is deaf as a post."

"I will send Mary, then," said Mrs. Phelps, smiling.

"You are very obliging, my dear madam. Good evening." And Major Pierpoint walked out of the shop with a free, light step, and a bland smile illuminating his handsome features.

Mrs. Phelps followed him with her eyes, and then put on a very thoughtful look, and for a few moments seemed to be communing with her own mind. Suddenly she laid one fore-finger down upon the other with emphasis.

"Yes, 'tis clear as that gas-light! I can see as deep as some folks can. He is not above forty, rich, respectable, and kind and pleasant-hearted as a child, and Mary's beauty has evidently made an impression upon him. He is a bachelor, and old bachelors often fall in love with young girls! I do believe, now I think it all over, he is in love with her. But then he is so rich and respectable! But Mary isn't my daughter; how does he or any body know but she is respectable as he is himself? Plainly, there is something at the bottom of all this. Major Pierpoint is too honorable and moral for me to apprehend any evil coming out of it. Mary shall go up to-morrow, looking her best. Who knows what may happen? The poor child is not mine, but then I wish her to do as well as she can. I wonder what he said to her this evening. Mary, dear, come here child."

Mary came forward with a half finished linen collar in her hands.

"Well, dear, what did Miss Clayton say to the handkerchiefs you took to her?"

"She said they were very neatly done, but that the price was too high—and told me she could not pay the bill unless you took off the 'nineteen cents!'"

"How close some people are, especially rich old maids that have once been beauties! They have no children or husband to pick or peek at, and so they must pick and peek on those that have to do work for um. She don't care about the nineteen cents—its only to have something to find fault with. To-morrow, at half past eleven, you call there for the seventeen dollars, and let her have the nineteen cents, if it will do her temper any good. Did Major Pierpoint appear displeased because I didn't get the shirts there by six o'clock?"

Mary blushed, she knew not why, at this common-place question, and looking up and seeing her 'aunt's' eyes fixed inquiringly upon her face, she became too confused to speak in reply—and, after one or two attempts to answer, dropped her head over the collar in her hand, as if sewing it.

"What is the matter with the child? What did Major Pierpoint say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes, m'm, here is the check he gave me." Mrs. Phelps glanced at it.

"It's all right! Prompt pay—no nineteen cents to be cut off. But didn't he say any thing to you?"

Mary appeared still more confused. Her adopted mother looked at her steadily though without displeasure for a few seconds, then shook her head affirmatively, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction.

"Humph," she said to herself, "I see how it is! It has gone further than I thought. He came



here to-night for nothing else in the world! Well, Mary, to-morrow, at twelve precisely, you must be at Major Pierpoint's with them gloves, and handkerchiefs, and silk stockings. You must start at half past eleven, so as to call on the way on Miss Clayton for the money for her bill. Why do you blush so—are you afraid of Miss Clayton?"

"No, aunt."

"Are you afraid of Major Pierpoint?"

"No, aunt."

"Very well, child go to your sewing."

Mary bounded away lightly, and Mrs. Phelps looked after her with a prideful glance! "Yes, if she is not foolish she has her fortune made. I will say nothing to her of my suspicions, but let her have her own way. To talk to such young girls on such a subject and try to guide and advise them, only makes puppets of them, and destroys the natural character. Leave Mary to her own native good sense and unbiassed feelings and she will be more likely to please such a man as Major Pierpoint than if she practised the most consummate artifices."

With these sensible reflections, Mrs. Phelps dropped the subject for that night.

At a few minutes before half-past eleven, Mary Lee made her appearance in the shop from her little chamber over it, arrayed in a neat black silk dress, with a pretty straw cottage, trimmed with delicate blue ribbon, and her beautiful brown hair arranged with elegant simplicity. It had not been ten minutes since she left the shop to make this change in her appearance? Yet it was as complete as if five hours had been wasted before her little mirror. Can any female reader tell me why Mary paid such attention to her appearance? Mrs. Phelps on seeing her, lifted up both hands, and an exclamation of surprise and displeasure was on the tip of her tongue! But some sudden reflection checked it on the verge of utterance, and dropping her hands, she said quietly and as if not noticing it—

"So Mary, you are ready. Take the bundle and stop on the way at Miss Clayton's. Be sure you are at Major Pierpoint's when the clock strikes twelve."

"Yes, aunt," said Mary hastening from the shop on her two-fold errand. As she passed up Chesnut street with her little bundle, the sparkling beauty of her face, her buoyant step and graceful motion, drew after her many admiring eyes. It so chanced that Leslie was returning from the Exchange reading-room, whither he walked every morning, and was standing on the corner of Sixth and Chesnut, conversing with several bachelor gentlemen, when Mary passed. She looked up, and seeing him colored, dropped her head. Leslie did the same.

"A lovely creature," said one of the gentlemen; "I seldom have seen a sweeter face or figure. You know her Major, by your mutual blushes," added he, smiling.

"I, gentlemen? oh, no," said the Major confused.

"She is certainly extremely beautiful. See how free and light her step is!"

"Some pretty milliner, I dare say," said the Major laughing. "Good morning, gentlemen;" and Leslie took his way home more than ever

enchanted, deeper than ever in love! The quick, bright, eloquent, yet unintended glance he had received from her as she passed, kindled an imperishable flame in his bosom. He hastened homeward with anticipation of the delightful visit he was to receive at twelve o'clock.

Was Leslie Pierpoint really in love? did he resolve to pay his addresses to this beautiful girl? did he intend to ask her hand in marriage? did she fill the place in his heart which Clara Clayton had left void? Yes.

Mary soon reached Miss Clayton's door in the upper part of Chesnut street, near Ninth. It was one of the most imposing mansions in the street. Miss Clayton lived there with her old father—the two alone! For several years after freeing herself from Leslie, she lived in hopes of marriage, but in vain. The men were afraid of her. Her mortification when she found Leslie restored to perfect health, knew no bounds. She had a secret hope that he would yet re-address her! but from that period she never received more than a cold and civil bow from him. She could have poisoned herself with vexation. But as years passed away, and she saw that he still remained unmarried, she consoled herself with the idea that she was the cause—and that he could never love any one as he had loved her. This devoted bachelorism was Clara's only and greatest consolation. It was a healing balm to her wounded spirit. So he married not, she felt she could forgive herself for her folly in not marrying him. It is true, she watched his course to forty with some anxiety, lest he might yet marry; but when he had passed that climax, she gave herself no further uneasiness, and rested in the conscious assurance of his eternal celibacy. This idea was the rainbow that spanned her darkened skies—the sweet in her bitter cup of life. But, alas! she was soon to see the rainbow disappear, and her horizon become dark with storms! Alas she was to drink the remainder of the cup with additional bitterness mingled with its dregs.

She was seated in her usual sitting room when Mary arrived. Her hair was drawn back above her ears and tied untidily with a dirty yellow ribbon; she wore a loose wrapper, and her stocking feet were thrust into red slippers. Her fingers were loaded with rings, and ear drops hung from her ears. Her complexion was something coarser for the wear and tear of time, and had very plain traces of being now indebted to white paint and rouge, for whatever pretensions it claimed. Her forehead was crossed by horizontal impatient wrinkles, and a deep frown was cut between her eyebrows. She was thin about the breast and shoulders, and very slender in the waist, more so than in her youthful prime. The general expression of her face was querulous and sour—precisely such an expression as she might have been expected to wear. As Mary was shown in she looked up with a sharp, impatient gesture.

"So, Miss, you have come for the amount of your mistress bill?"

"Yes, m'm, if you please."

"Don't *mem* me as if I was fifty, Miss."

"No, m'm."

"Did I not forbid you saying *marm* to me—what is the amount of the bill?"

"You have it, m'—— I mean Miss."

"That is better. Ah, yes, here it is, \$17 19, what did your mistress say about the 19 cents?"

"That she would take it off."

"Very well; here is seventeen dollars. Receipt it." Mary took a pen from an inkstand on the table and acknowledged the payment.

"Humph, you write too pretty a hand for an apprentice girl," said Miss Clayton glancing contemptuously at Mary's beautiful chiography. "I dare say you can dance too?"

"Yes, Miss," said Mary smiling.

"And sing and play," more contemptuously still.

"Yes, Miss."

"Humph. Read Byron, Moore, Scott, doubtless, and perhaps the French poets?" she continued with a contemptuous smile of incredulity.

"Yes, Miss."

"Yes, Miss. I suppose if I should ask you if you read French and sung Italian, you would reply with your parrot phrase, 'Yes, Miss.'"

"Yes, Miss."

"Upon my word! Ha, ha, ha! here's a linen draper's apprentice for you! I suppose you look to marry some nobleman at the least, with all them accomplishments, if you can! What package is that beneath your arm, my pretty minx," for Miss Clayton had conceived a sudden and unaccountable (save that her youth and beauty were the cause,) dislike for Mary. And without waiting for a reply she snatched it from her.

"For Major Leslie Pierpoint,  
No. 27, South Sixth St."

"You are sent with this to Major Pierpoint's, are you?" she asked sharply and with a suspicious look at the young and guileless girl.

"Yes, m'm," answered Mary quietly.

Miss Clayton let her eyes rest on the superscription for a few moments, and then lifted them steadily to the face of the maiden.

"You had best return directly to your shop with the amount of your mistress' bill, lest you lose it on the way. I will dispatch my footman with this package to his lodgings."

"I thank you, but I am ordered to take it there myself," said Mary firmly.

"Indeed; but it would not be prudent for so young a person as you to go to a bachelor's rooms alone. I will send it for you. Do you know Major Pierpoint?"

"No, m'm," answered Mary with embarrassment.

"Have you never seen him?"

"He was in the shop last evening," answered Mary evasively.

"Did he speak to you?"

"If you please I will take the package and go," said Mary, half angry at this singular inquisition upon her affairs.

"Take it, trollop," said Miss Clayton, flinging it towards her, "and tell your mistress when she has occasion to send any one to me again, she will oblige me by sending some civil person."

Mary stared with surprise, at a loss to account for the lady's humor, and gladly took her departure.

The heavy tocsin of the State House had struck the last stroke of twelve, as Mary timidly pulled the bell at Major Pierpoint's handsome residence. It was opened by Cato.

"Massa says de young woman will please walk up and wait," said Cato, as Mary offered to leave the bundle in his hand. Mary hesitated an instant, and then, trembling, (she could not tell why,) she followed him to the library. The door was opened, and Cato ushered her in with one of his best bows. Leslie pretended to be very busily engaged in a book as she entered, though he had been walking his room, or watching through the blinds with ill-concealed impatience till he heard the street door bell. He permitted Cato to leave the room, and Mary to advance half way to the table, before he gave signs of her presence. He then suddenly rose up and turned round.

"Ah, Miss Lee," he said, with tender respect, "you have brought the gloves."

"Yes, sir," said Mary, without lifting her eyes.

"Sit down, if you please, while I examine the package."

Mary quietly took a seat, and Major Pierpoint began to look over the parcels. But evidently his thoughts were not with this pursuit. His fingers trembled—he shockingly rent several pairs of gloves; put six of the handkerchiefs, one after another, into his pocket; blew his nose on a pair of silk hose, and at length sprung from the table in the most admirable confusion of mind in which a bachelor, at such a moment, could well be. After thrice striding the room to gather courage, he approached the surprised, embarrassed, yet not *unexpected* Mary. No woman of any sense, or feeling, or mind, could be blind at such a time. He approached and seated himself beside her.

"Miss Lee —"

Mary trembled and remained silent. The Major gazed upon her tell-tale face, and then furtively sought her hand. She withdrew it instinctively, and half rose.

"Nay, my dear Miss Lee! pardon me! I meant no injury to your delicacy. Pray be seated!" and he took her hand and gently drew her to the chair which she had left. "I beg you to listen to me one moment. I have conceived for you a deep and respectful passion. Your beauty, grace and intelligence have made an impression upon my heart no time can ever efface. It is true you are young and full of life and beauty—I have passed half the allotted life of man. But the disparity is in years only. My heart is as young as your own, my feelings as buoyant, my hopes as bright. I have sought to meet you to-day to make a confession of the sentiments with which you have inspired me, to tell you how intimately my happiness is involved in your existence, to throw myself upon your generosity. You are an orphan, alas! and a cold, unpitiful world is before you! Your loveliness and helplessness claim protection. Permit me to fill that delightful position near you while life lasts. I offer you my heart, my hand, my fortune, and promise to devote my life to the promotion of your happiness."

The Major, after ending his eloquent appeal, gazed upon her downcast face several moments in silence. She made no reply! He still continued to hold her hand. Slowly he lifted it to his lips. There was no resistance. He again sought her eyes. Tears were silently gushing

from them, and rolling in sparkling globules down her lovely cheeks.

"Good God, Miss Lee, have I offended you?"

"No, sir," said Mary, lifting her eyes, the lashes dewy with tears, and sweetly smiling.

"Why these tears, then?"

"I do not know, indeed, unless it be that they flow from gratitude," she answered, looking into his face with a radiant smile, like sunshine in an April shower.

The Major eyes filled also, and the next moment he pressed the happy girl to his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, Mary Lee became Major Leslie's wife through *gratitude*. They were married, for he well knew gratitude would grow to love, and a brief time proved that he judged rightly. One month from the day on which he confessed his passion he led to the altar his charming bride. They were married publicly in church.

"Ah, Major, so you—don't know her—some milliner's apprentice, eh?" laughing said a gentleman present, after the ceremony was over.

Clara Clayton, hearing that Leslie Pierpoint was to be married, went to the church, disguised in a strange bonnet and long green veil—but Leslie recognised her by her taper waist, and felt that his triumph and (if such a feeling really existed in his breast) his revenge were complete. Yes, Clara Clayton witnessed the ceremony, and when she saw it and recognised the bride's face as she turned from the altar, she could scarcely suppress a shriek of mingled anger and disappointed malice. She went home and died the same year, the victim of her own selfishness.

Leslie Pierpoint and his beautiful lady are now traveling in Europe. Mary makes him an excellent wife, proving to be as good as she is beautiful.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HOLHFELD.

HOLHFELD, the celebrated German mechanic, was born of poor parents at Hennenndorf, in the mountains of Saxony, in the year 1711. He learned the trade of lace-making at Dresden, and early discovered a turn for mechanics, by constructing various kinds of clocks. From Dresden he removed to Berlin to follow his occupation. As he was an excellent workman, and had invented several machines for shortening his labor, he found sufficient time to indulge his inclination for mechanics; and he made there, at the same time he pursued his usual business, air-guns and clocks. In the year 1748, he became acquainted with the celebrated Sulzer, at whose desire he undertook the construction of a machine for noting down any piece of music when played upon a harpsichord. A machine of this kind had been before invented by Mr. Von Unger, but Hohlfeld, from a very imperfect description, completed one without any assistance. Of this machine, now in the possession of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, Sulzer gave a figure, from which it was afterwards constructed in England. This ingenious piece of mechanism was universally approved, though several things may be wanting to render it complete; but no one was so generous as to indemnify the artist for his expenses, or to reward him for his labor.

About the year 1756, the Prussian minister, Count de Powdewils, took him into his service, chiefly for the purpose of constructing water-works in his magnificent gardens at Gusow. There he invented his well known threshing machine, and another for chopping straw more expeditiously. He also displayed his talent for invention by constructing an apparatus which, when fastened to a carriage, indicated the number of revolutions made by the wheels. Such machines had been made before, but his far exceeded every thing of the like kind. Having lost this machine by a fire, he invented another still simpler, which was so contrived as to be buckled between the spokes of the wheel. This piece of mechanism was in the possession of Sulzer, who used it on his tour, and found that it answered the intended purpose.

In the year 1765, when the Duke of Courland, then hereditary prince, resided at Berlin, he paid a visit to Hohlfeld, and endeavored to prevail on him to go to Courland, by offering him a pension of eight hundred rix-dollars; but this ingenious man was so contented with his condition, and so attached to his friends, that he would not, merely for self-interest, quit Berlin. His refusal, however, obtained for him a pension of one hundred and fifty dollars from the king. Besides the before mentioned machines, he constructed occasionally several useful models. Among these was a loom for weaving figured stuffs, so contrived that the weaver had no need of any thing to shoot through the woof; a pedometer for putting in the pocket; a convenient and simple bed for a sick person, by which the patient could at any time, with the least effort, raise or lower the breast, and, when necessary, convert the bed into a stool; and a carriage, so formed, that if the horses took fright and ran away, the person in it could, by a single push, loosen the pole and set them at liberty.

Every machine that this singular man saw, he altered and improved in the simplest manner. All his own instruments he made himself, and repaired them when damaged. But as he was fonder of inventing than of following the plans of others, he made them in such a way that no one but himself could use them. Several of his improvements were, however, imitated by common workmen, though in a very clumsy manner. It is worthy of remark, that he never bestowed study upon any thing; but when he had once conceived an idea, he immediately executed it. He comprehended in a moment whatever was proposed, and at the same time saw how it was to be accomplished. He could therefore, tell in an instant whether a thing was practicable; if he thought it was not, no persuasion or offer of money could induce him to attempt it. He never pursued chimeras, like those mechanics who have not had the benefit of education or instruction; and though this may be ascribed to the intercourse he had with great mathematicians and philosophers, there is every reason to believe that he would have equally guarded himself against them, even had he not enjoyed that advantage.

The same quickness of apprehension which he manifested in mechanics, he showed also in other things. His observations on most subjects were



judicious, and peculiar to himself. With regard to his moral character, he was every thing that could be desired. Although he still retained something of the manners of his former condition, his mild and pleasing deportment rendered his company and conversation agreeable. He possessed a good heart, and his life was sober and regular. Though he was every day welcome to the best tables, he stayed for the most part at home through choice; went to market for his own provisions, which he cooked himself, and was as contented over his humble meal as Curius was over his turnips. A little before his death he had the pleasure of seeing a curious harpsichord he had made, and which was purchased by his Prussian majesty, placed in an elegant apartment of the new palace at Potsdam. As he had for some time neglected this instrument, the too great attention which he bestowed on putting it in order, contributed not a little to bring on that disease which at last proved fatal to him. His clock having become deranged during his illness, he could not be prevented, notwithstanding the admonition and advice of his friend and physician, Dr. Stahls, from repairing it. Close application occasioned some obstructions which were not observed till too late; and an inflammation taking place, he died, in 1771, at the house of Count de Powdewils, in the sixtieth year of his age.

## MISCELLANY.

### MODERATION.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a coachman; three persons applied, and were admitted into the parlor. The road leading to the hall went near to a dangerous precipice. "How near the edge of this precipice can you drive me, without any danger of an upset?" inquired the gentleman of the first applicant. "Within a hair's breadth," answered the man. "And how near could you drive me?" said the gentleman to the second. "Within a hair's breadth," was the reply. The third man had gathered up his hat and was leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with either of these two. "Stop, stop," said the gentleman, "let us hear what you have got to say." "Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive for you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could." "You are the man for me," said the gentleman, and he engaged him immediately. The moral is plain. The moderation man goes as near as he dare, and is frequently upset; the tee-totaller keeps as far off as he can, and is always safe.

### ART OF DOING GOOD.

MOTHERS can you not teach your children the art of doing good? It is only to aid by your example as well as precepts, the development of the noblest faculties of your children—the affections, reasons, conscience: while you repress as much as possible the selfishness of animal instinct and appetite. Begin early.—You have the key of their affections—open their hearts only to the sweet impression of love, which is benevolence. Never hire them with money to perform their tasks of any kind. If you manage them rightly they will do your requirements for you, because they love you.

Give gifts to your children as you think best; but never pay them for being good. Let the consciousness that they have done good, have gained knowledge and that you approve their conduct, be their reward.

### A FEW MORE WANTS.

WANTED, editors who will always tell the truth.

Wanted, men who walk uprightly in all things, who never wrong their neighbors, and never slander or abuse them; who never do a mean action, and who are beloved, esteemed, and respected.

Wanted, neighbors who will attend to their own business, and not meddle with what does not belong to them.

Wanted, young ladies who consider their domestic duties paramount to spinning street yarn.

Wanted, what we trust we now have, a continuance of the good will and countenance of our patrons, and though we cannot expect to please every one on all occasions and on all subjects, nor always to fulfil all their expectation, as one must occasionally have "a picked up dinner," we trust they will be satisfied with such as we are able to serve up to them to gratify their intellectual appetites, and not be disposed to grumble if we occasionally give them homely fare, provided it be not prejudicial to their moral or temporal interests.—*Transcript.*

### LET US LAUGH.

A CLERGYMAN was the other day reproving a young person for a too gay and laughing character.—"There are times for all things," said the pious man—"a time to laugh and a time to weep," as the good book tells us."

"Sir," replied the arch young girl, "did you not tell us in your sermon on Sunday, that Heaven itself was all smiles; that there was neither tears nor grief nor sighing there; and saints and angels would feast eternally on the smiles of God?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, then," said the little piece of sainted carnation, "may not I do on earth what's done in heaven—can't I have my giggle too?"

The parson thought this "a time to laugh," and laugh he did.

HONESTY.—Were all the world honest, the truly honest man would fare much better than is usually the case, because of the absence of suspicion. He is often received with mistrust and coldness in society, on account perhaps of his frankness and simplicity, while the polished knave and cunning impostor through their adroitness and flatteries, are welcomed heartily. Thus too often the base counterfeit is seized and the pure gold rejected.

GENERAL RULES don't apply in all cases. We once knew a man who was so careful not to give offence, that in speaking of general faults, he would qualify his remarks by saying "present company excepted." He chanced to be in company with some ladies, and spoke of an absent one, as the ugliest person he ever saw, "present company excepted."

## USEFUL RECIPES.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—It may be interesting to some of our good housewives to know the quickest method by which this delicious article of food can be compounded. The following is said to be the best recipe extant. Have ready two cups; put 1 teaspoonful of Tartaric Acid in one cup; 1 teaspoonful of Soda in the other cup; add to each about 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water; stir each well. Make 1 quart of Buckwheat meal into a thick batter, with moderately warm water; add the contents of one of the cups; stir it well; then pour in the contents of the other cup; stir that well also; add to the whole 1 tablespoonful of melted butter and bake on a griddle nicely cleaned and greased with good lard. The batter is ready for use as soon as mixed.

WHO CAN SOLVE THIS PROBLEM?—Fill a wine glass to the brim with water, or if possible, raise it in the glass, even higher than the edge, by letting one drop fall at a time until the water presents a convex surface. When this is done, drop into the glass as many common pins as will fill it, and the water will not overflow. This simple experiment may be easily tried, but has never been explained. Water is not compressible in a wine glass and the pins are made of solid metal, yet the water in the glass remains as it was before the pins were dropped in.

WARTS.—The bark of a willow tree, burnt to ashes, and mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all warts, corns or excrescences on any part of the body.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Put a large key suddenly down the back, or put a small piece of writing paper under the tongue; either will effect a cure.

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. V. S. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; G. S. Schuylerstown, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. L. and J. M. Norway, N. Y. \$2.00; C. L. Sherburne, N. Y. \$1.00; R. K. North Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; R. A. G. Milford, N. Y. \$1.00; T. B. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; M. T. C. Charlestown, R. I. \$1.00; R. F. Hunter, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; C. S. B. Fairfield, Vt. \$1.00; J. H. R. Occola Centre, Mich. \$1.00; B. M. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. B. Hartwick, N. Y. \$0.50; P. M. Kingston, N. Y. \$2.00; R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Youngstown, N. Y. \$5.00; D. A. L. P. Stowe, Vt. \$1.00.

### Notice to Agents.

We would request all our Agents to endeavor to have Subscribers commence with the beginning of the Volume, as we have plenty of Numbers from the commencement, (June 19, 1841,) and we think it will be to their advantage as well as our own for them to commence at the beginning of the volume, and have it complete, instead of two parts, which will not answer so well to bind. We have also some Vol. 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th and 17th of the present size for sale bound and unbound, and can furnish a few complete sets from Vol. 10th to this time if wished, and also any of the smaller Volumes but the 1st, and 2d.

### Married,

In Mellenville, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. James Lowin, of Ghent, to Miss Eliza Haner, of Austerlitz.

On the 17th ult. by the same, Mr. Samuel A. Miller to Miss Sophia Rockefeller, both of Claverack.

On the 19th ult. by the same, Mr. David Bame, Esq. of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co. to Mrs. Sophia Becker, of Claverack.

At the Calendar House, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kearney, Mr. Alexander L. Crofts to Miss Helena T. second daughter of Peter R. Livingston, Esq. all of Livingston.

In Claverack, on the 19th Jan. by the Rev. R. Snyder, Mr. Peter Van Rensselaer Ten Broeck to Miss Mary Jennette Bortle, all of that place.

In the same place, on the 24th ult. and by the same, Mr. John E. Snyder to Miss Mary Jane Haner.

At the same time and place, and by the same, Mr. Henry M. Crego to Miss Rachel Miller, daughter of the late Stephen Miller, Jr.

In Livingston, on the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. John Fritz, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Garner, of the former place.

In Troy, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. S. Monroe, Col. R. A. Goodrich, of Milford, Otsego Co. to Miss Cornelia Winslow, of the former place.

### Died,

In this city, on the 27th ult. after a short and severe illness, Lydia P. wife of Capt. Laban Paddock, in the 51st year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Matthew W. son of Peter and Mary S. McNulty, aged 11 months.

In Mellenville, on the 9th ult. William Seward, son of Henry and Margaret Stickie, in the 3d year of his age.

In Claverack, on the 10th ult. Mrs. Catharine, wife of Henry Van Hoesen, in the 59th year of her age.

In Greenport, on the 18th ult. Mrs. Nancy Hallenbeck, wife of Mr. Robert R. Hallenbeck, in her 33d year.

In New Orleans, on the 14th of Sept. last, of Yellow Fever, Mr. Edward B. Jenkins, son of Mr. Gardner Jenkins, of this city, in the 24th year of his age.

In Savannah, on the 12th ult. of Consumption, Mrs. Julia Huntington, wife of Capt. Frederick Huntington, formerly of this city, in her 44th year.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

### SEVILLE.

THE following stanzas were suggested upon reading a description of the city of Seville and the surrounding scenery. The writer remarks, "the pleasure gardens, the fountains, the artificial cascades situated without the city, are the most beautiful I ever beheld, and in Spain the splendor and beauty of the evenings are unrivaled."

'Tis evening and the glowing stars  
Have "set their watch" on high,  
Majestically sweet Cynthia  
Sails through the azure sky.

She smilingly looks down upon  
Fair Seville's spires and towers,  
And peeps mischievously within  
The fragrant myrtle bowers.

The mountains' cross the vale below,  
Their lengthened shadows cast,  
And shrilly echoes through the glens  
The bugle's stirring blast.

Now, settled on the lofty crag,  
The eagle rests his wings;  
Now, trudging, to his hamlet bound,  
The pedlar gaily sings.

The huntsman, weary with the chase,  
Hath left the upland wood,  
And now with kindly hand provides  
His languid hounds with food.

The orange and the citron groves,  
The pomegranate tree,  
Exhale upon the floating breeze  
Delicious fragrancy.

The pleasure-loving citizens,  
Forsake the crowded city,  
And seek the cooling fountain's side  
To list some plaintive ditty;

Or by the gentle water-fall,  
Reclining at their ease,  
From brimming cups they quaff the wine,  
Fanned by the evening breeze.

The boatman plies his gondola,  
Upon the placid river,  
And gay dressed throngs now stroll along  
Thy banks, fair Gaudalquivir.

The mellow flute, the minstrel's song,  
The music of Guitar,  
Man's wayward passions lull to rest,  
And soothe each anxious care.

'Tis such a time as lovers seek,  
To linger in the bowers;  
To vow eternal constancy,  
And twine the bridal flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! the chimes of convent bell,  
Play soft on the evening air!  
The monk unto the altar hastes  
To kneel in solemn prayer.

Now separate on every side,  
The gay and gladsome throng,  
And now the silvery laugh is hushed,  
None trill the merry song.

Philomel her song resumes,  
How beautiful the change!  
All, all is lovely, calm and bright  
As far as eye can range.

But time hath wrought a wondrous change  
O'er thy fair regions, Spain!  
The footsteps of the demon war  
Proclaim a tyrant's reign. TREVARD.  
*Hamilton College, 1842.*

For the Rural Repository.

### STELLA AQUILONARIS.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

WHEN the dusky wing of evening  
O'er earth is gently spread,  
And stars in silent splendor,  
Their beams of beauty shed;  
There's one whose golden lustre,  
The countless throng outvie,  
And moves in pride and glory,  
Along the azure skies.

That star has shed its brightness,  
In rays undimmed and free,  
To guide the care-worn sailor,  
While on the rolling sea;  
Its brilliancy has led him  
Across the ocean's breast,  
And opened to his vision  
A haven of sweet rest.

So in this world of sorrow,  
Of doubts and gloomy fears,  
Some bright and lovely being,  
Oft wipes away our tears—  
Oft wreaths a rosy garland  
Of love's perennial flowers,  
Which sheds a balmy fragrance,  
O'er this lone world of ours.

For the Rural Repository.

"HAPPIER, happier far than thou  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth."—MRS. HEMANS.

A MAIDEN sat in a rose-decked bower,  
For she loved its shade to seek,  
And bright was the sky of the sunset hour  
And rich the hues of her favorite flower,  
But richer that maiden's cheek.

Her lip resembled the rose-bud's swell  
When its leaves are wet with dew,  
And her eye was as soft as the bright blue bell,  
And she loved the delicate blossom well;  
For she was a blue belle too.

The dark hair fell from her forehead pale  
In a loose neglected curl,  
And sadly borne on the evening gale  
Were the music-tones of the plaintive wail  
Of the sweet, yet sorrowing girl.

"Alas, alas, for the idle vow  
I have paid at the Muses' shrine;  
They stamped their seal on my childish brow,  
But half the people we meet with now  
Have just such a seal as mine.

"I have labored vainly to wear alone  
A garment of heavenly blue,  
But the veriest beggars the street can own,  
Like the blue-gowned Scots of 'the great Unknown,'  
Are flaunting in azure too,

"I was proud to drink of the sacred spring  
On the famed Parnassian mount;

But the vulgar think it a common thing,  
And half the water in use they bring  
From the bright Castalian fount.

"While seeking the minstrel's envied lot  
I have lavished the midnight oil,  
Till humbler duties were heeded not,  
And the cares of life were half forgot  
In the high and glorious toil.

"Yet the carping Critic with visage rough  
Smiles not at the labored jest,  
And the Editors think it quite enough  
If they print a page of the hackneyed stuff,  
And the grate receives the rest.

"Away! I will barter the ink and pen  
For the duster and the broom,  
I will toil no more for the thankless men  
Till the charm of poetry breathes again  
Through my neat and tasteful room.

"I will turn to domestic cares until  
I can make my humble hearth,  
In the language of one more gifted still  
And who deeper drank of the cup of ill,  
'Lovely to one on earth.' " F. H. C.  
*Wendall, Mass. 1842.*

For the Rural Repository.

### TWILIGHT HOUR.

How sweet at the close of a summer day,  
To hear the murmuring fountain at play,  
To sleep by its side in the cooling shade,  
Or rove 'mid flowers in some fairy glade,  
How sweet to think on times that are gone,  
When echoes answered our merry song,  
Yet how mournful to think that those days are past,  
And that of childhood's hours we've seen our last.

At twilight's hour my thoughts go back,  
And trace the scenes in childhood's track;  
I think on the friends that I ever loved best,  
But they've long since gone to their place of rest.  
I think of many a merry ramble,  
Through tangled woods and bush and bramble;  
I think of the home of my childhood's hours,  
Where grew the lovely woodbine's flowers;  
I think of my playmates who are all, all dead,  
And the sod now covers each youthful head.

MARION.

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THE Subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms, or to let from the 1st of May next, the two story Dwelling House on the northerly side of Union Street, midway between Fourth and Fifth Streets. It will accommodate two families, and will be let in two parts if desirable. Inquire at this Office. February 21, 1842. WM. B. STODDARD.

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